The Saint Louis Blues.

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By **W. C. HANDY**

Composer of "THE MEMPHIS BLUES"

Columbia Record A2421
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Aeolian Record A12148
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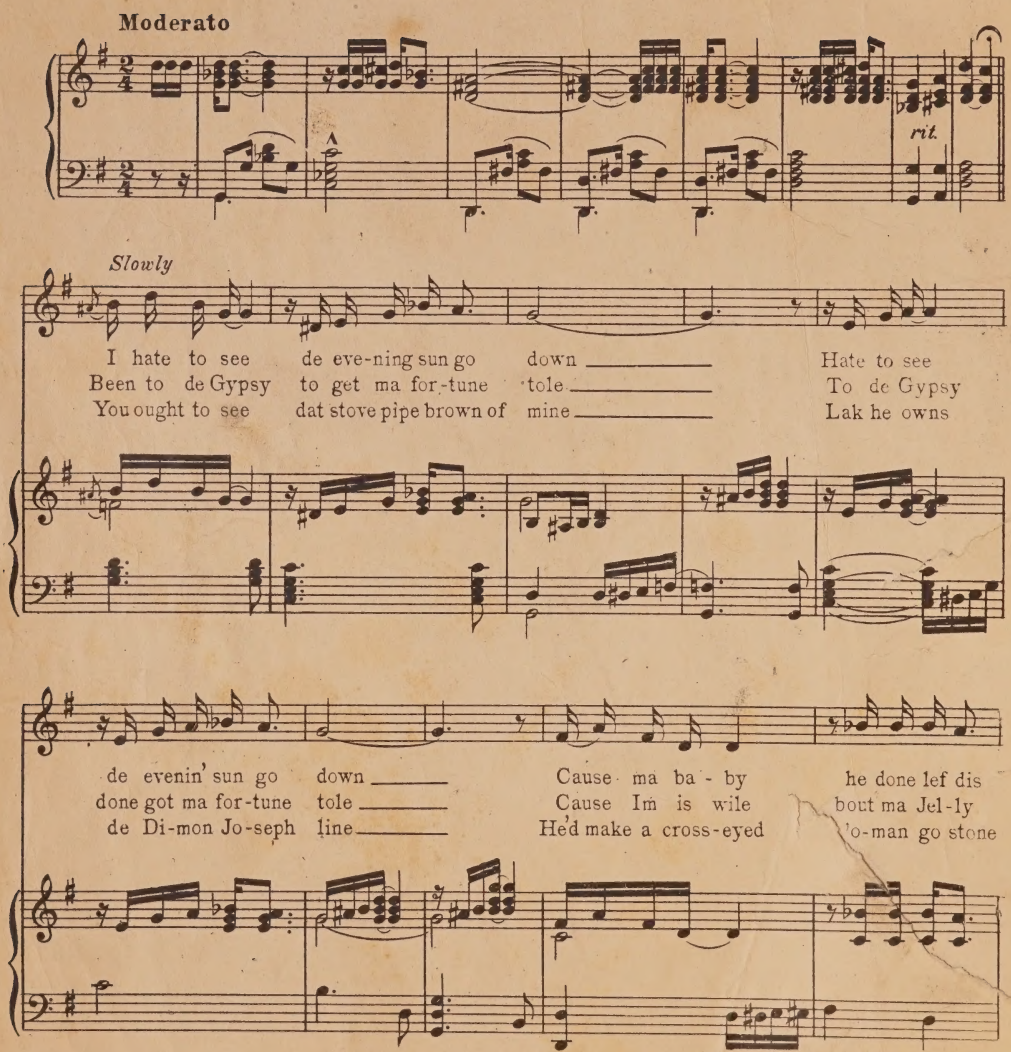
The "St. Louis Blues"

W. C. HANDY


Moderato
rit.
Slowly
I hate to see de eve-ning sun go down
Been to de Gypsy to get ma for-tune tole
You ought to see dat stove pipe brown of mine
Hate to see
To de Gypsy
Lak he owns
de evenin' sun go down
done got ma for-tune tole
de Di-mon Jo-seph line
Cause ma ba - by he done lef dis
Cause Im is wile bout ma Jel-ly
He'd make a cross-eyed lo-man go stone

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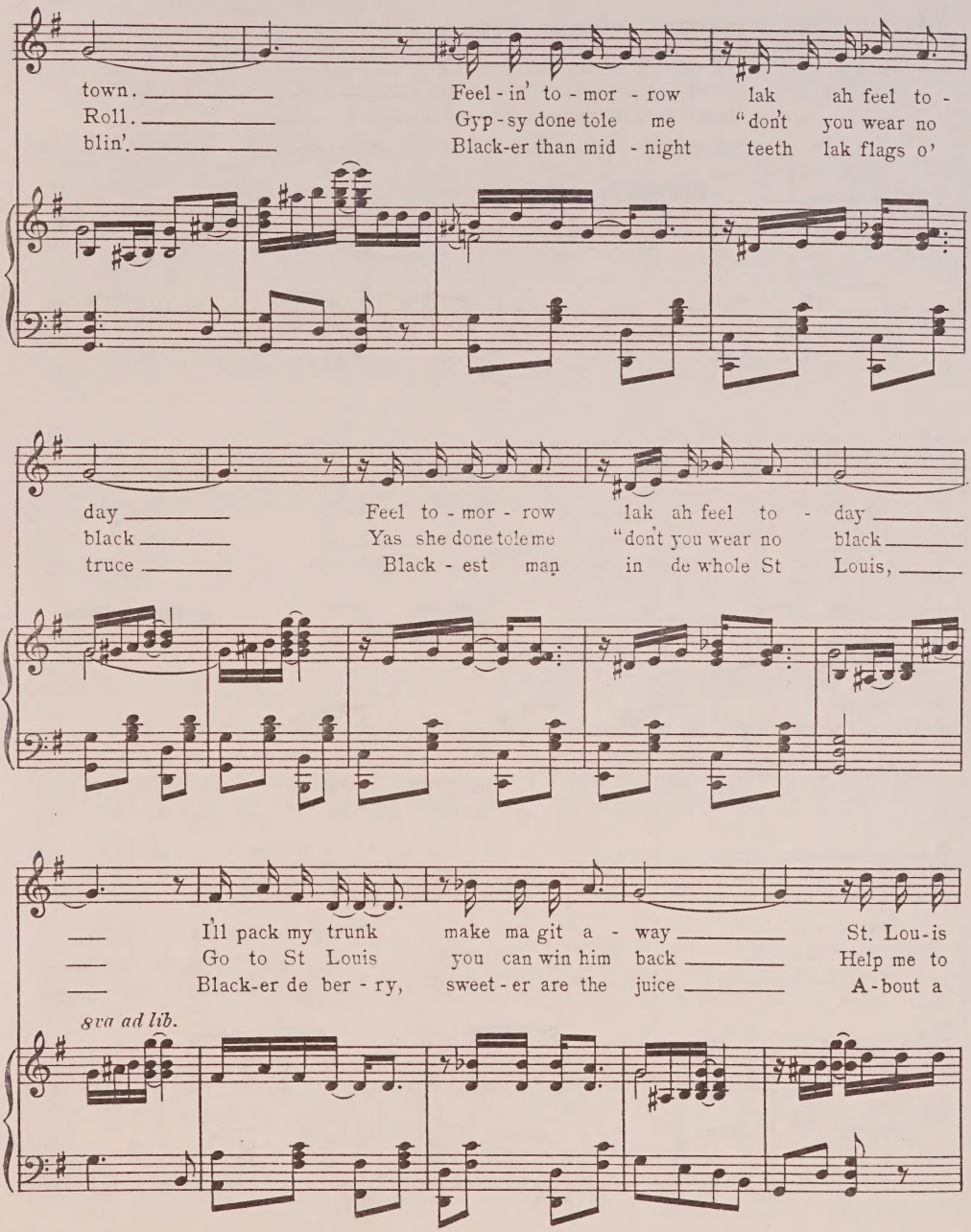
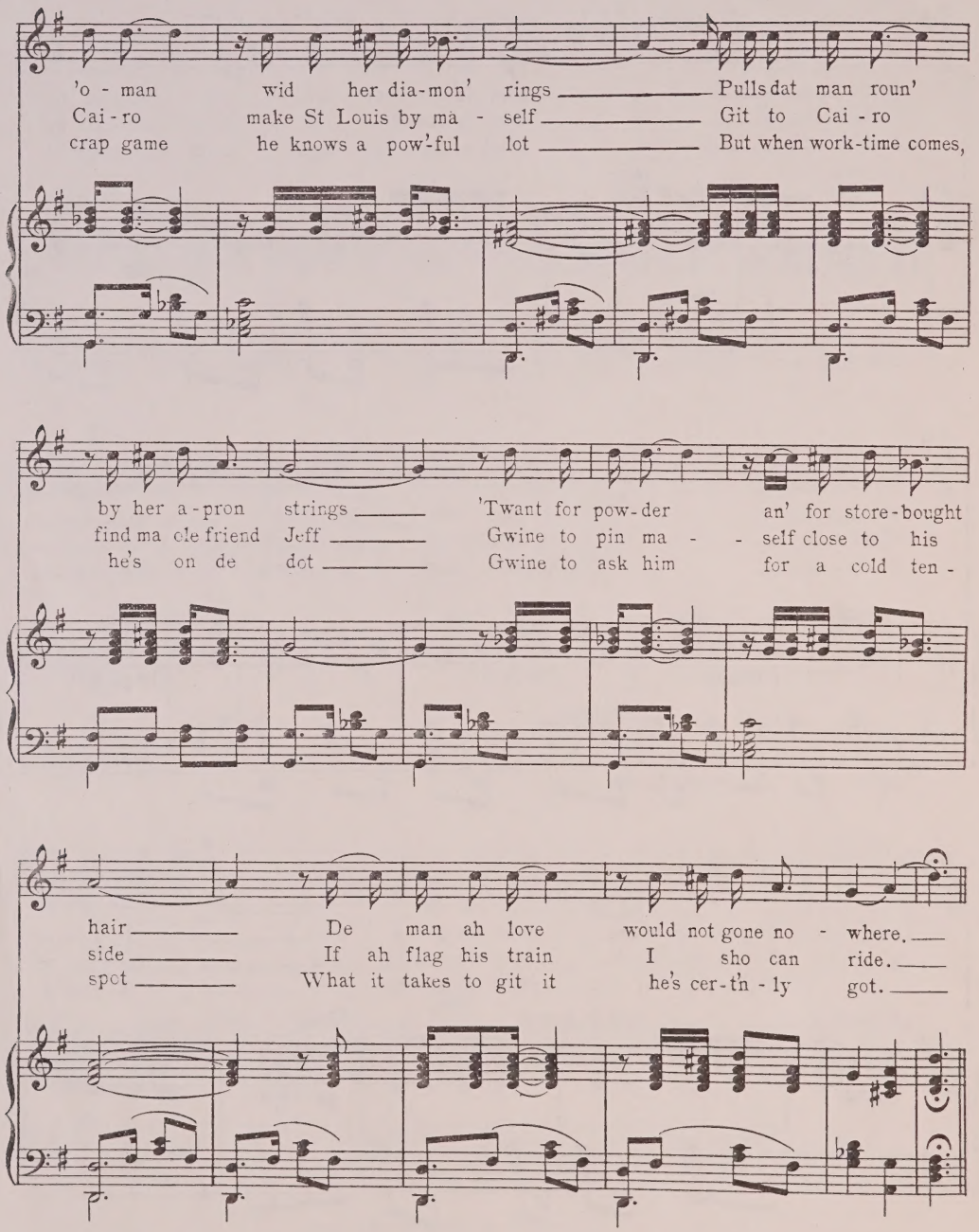
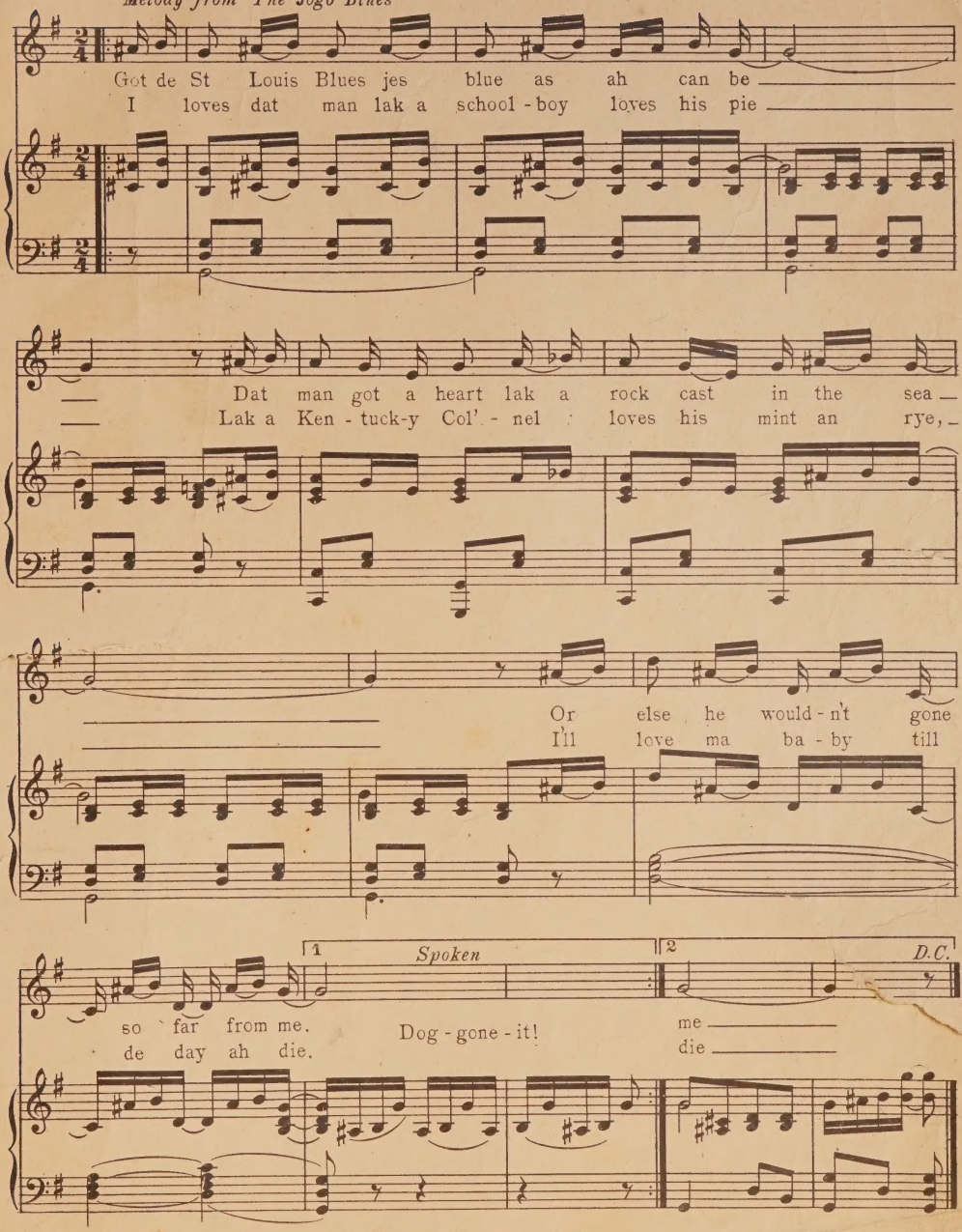

town. Feel - in' to - mor - row lak ah feel to -
Roll. Gyp - sy done tole me "don't you wear no
blin'. Black-er than mid - night teeth lak flags o'
day Feel to - mor - row lak ah feel to - day
black Yas she done tole me "don't you wear no black
truce Black - est man in de whole St Louis,
I'll pack my trunk make ma git a - way St. Lou-is
Go to St Louis you can win him back Help me to
Black-er de ber - ry, sweet - er are the juice A - bout a
8va ad lib.


'o - man wid her dia-mon' rings Pulls dat man roun'
Cai - ro make St Louis by ma - self Git to Cai - ro
crap game he knows a pow'-ful lot But when work-time comes,
by her a-pron strings 'Twant for pow-der an' for store-bought
find ma ole friend Jeff Gwine to pin ma - - self close to his
he's on de dot Gwine to ask him for a cold ten -
hair De man ah love would not gone no - where.
side If ah flag his train I sho can ride.
spot What it takes to git it he's cer-t'n - ly got.

CHORUS

Melody from "The Jogo Blues"


Got de St Louis Blues jes blue as ah can be
I loves dat man lak a school-boy loves his pie
Dat man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea
Lak a Ken-tuck-y Col'-nel loves his mint an rye,
Or else he would-n't gone
I'll love ma ba-by till
1
Spoken
2
D.C.
so far from me.
de day ah die.
Dog-gone-it!
me
die

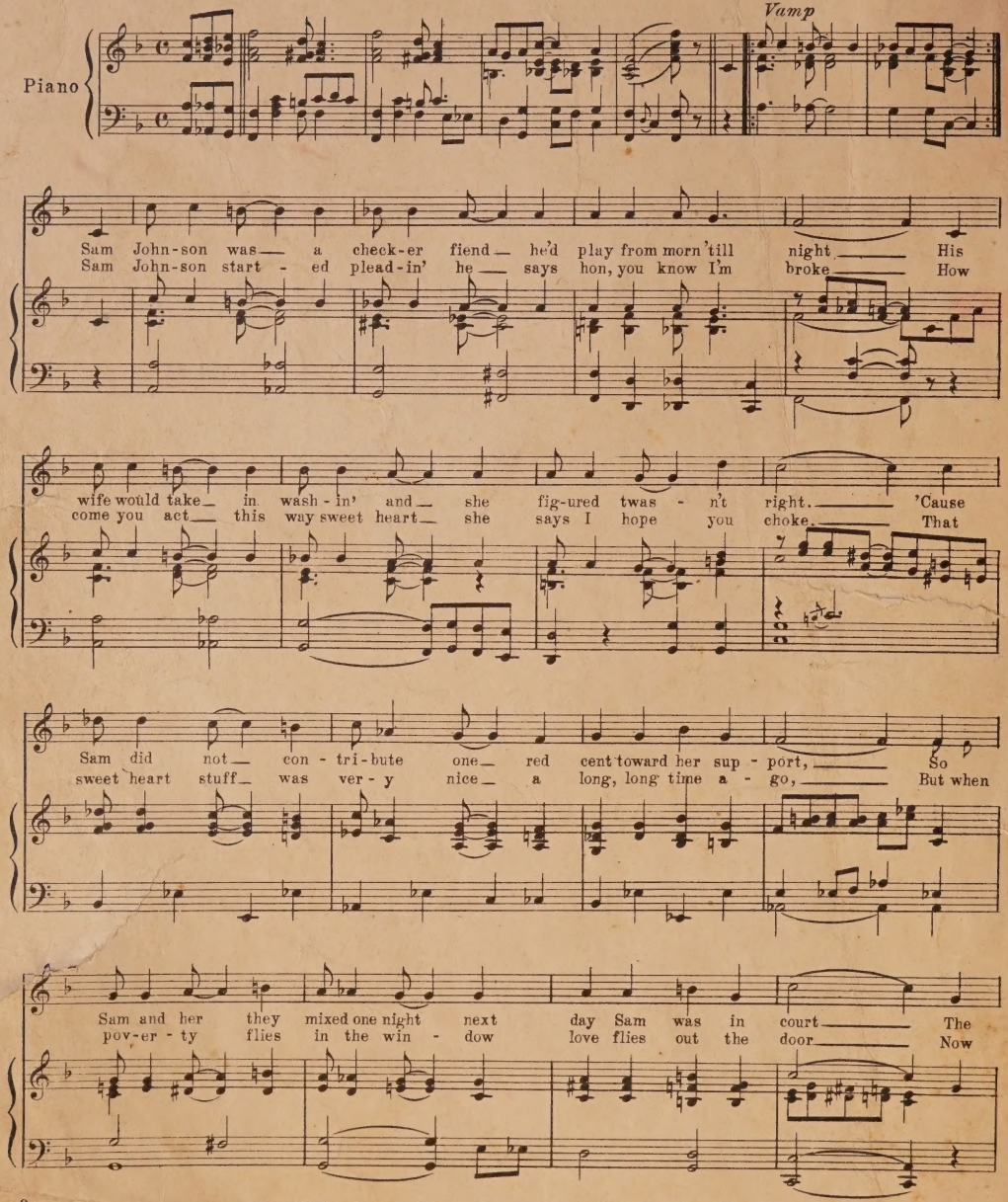
TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

Its Your Move Now

If You Want To Play Checkers

Lyric by
BILLY CURTIS

Melody by
MURRAY RUBENS


Vamp
Piano
Sam John-son was a check-er fiend he'd play from morn'till night His
Sam John-son start - ed plead-in' he says hon, you know I'm broke How
wife would take in wash - in' and she fig-ured twas - n't right. 'Cause
come you act this way sweet heart she says I hope you choke. That
Sam did not con - tri-bute one red cent toward her sup - port, So
sweet heart stuff was ver - y nice a long, long time a - go, But when
Sam and her they mixed one night next day Sam was in court The
pov-er - ty flies in the win - dow love flies out the door Now

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